

Home Mission Echoes

"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

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Vol. IX.

JULY, 1906

No. 7

What Have We Done To-day?



We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after awhile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But what have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in the idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our soul must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"

—American Baptist.

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

Topics for 1906

JANUARY. — The South — Freedmen. Resources. Per-
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tion.

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mis-
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Bound for Alaska

IN response to an earnest call from Mr. Coe for extra
clothing, the last of February, for the increased num-
ber of children in the mission; some of the Home
Mission Societies in our churches entered into the work
with such energy, that within a month a large case was
filled and started on its way to furnish the much needed
supply.

Later the work of the societies has provided for the
usual need.

To-day the last and fifth case of goods contributed by
the societies has been packed to follow the others.

A goodly number of comfortable and necessary articles
have been sent, with gifts to be used at Christmas-time,
including a number of pretty dolls.

All these will carry joy and happiness to the hearts of
the little ones.

The clothing made by the societies was just what was
needed, and for this we are very grateful.

Our only regret was that some of the packages could
not be acknowledged by a personal letter, as there was no
name or address attached. To these friends we therefore
tender the thanks and appreciation of the members of the
Woman's Home Mission Board.

We trust when the time comes for the needed supplies
of another year that there will be the same hearty response
and generous giving to meet the demands.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of
these, ye have done it unto Me," said the Master.

In behalf of the Board.

Cambridge, June 14, 1906.

Mrs. J. G. GOOCH.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — Tennyson.

Vol. IX.

JULY, 1906

No. 7

Editorial

DURING the days of preparation for our State and General Annual meetings the women of New England had little time to look calmly at the work accomplished during the fiscal year 1905-6. We have now begun a new year, and it is with thanksgiving and gratitude that we note the results of the year just closed. At our June Board meeting each year we determine what amount we will give to the American Baptist Home Mission Society for its school and missionary work. Last June, 1905, we pledged the support of 41 teachers among the Negroes, 2 teachers and 7 missionaries among the Indians, 11 teachers in New Mexico and Old Mexico, 3 teachers among the Chinese in Montana and on the Pacific Coast, 2 teachers in Cuba, and 1 missionary and 1 teacher in Porto Rico. The support of these teachers and missionaries were taken after consultation with the officials of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. \$24,000.00 were promised the treasury of that Society for the year ending April 1, 1906. In addition to that amount our Society has carried on the Alaskan work and supported 2 teachers in the Murrow Orphan's Home and 1 Swedish missionary in New England. We have received during the year only one legacy, amounting to \$1,000.00. We find from the Annual Report of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, just issued, that New England women have been loyal supporters of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. This report gives \$23,613.46 as the amount received in legacies during the year by the American Baptist Home Mission Society. One large amount, \$25,833.34, was from the estate of Daniel Sharp Ford, leaving \$27,780.05 received from other sources. Of this amount \$10,474.05 were given by New England women, who in their wills remembered the American Baptist Home Mission Society. We are also glad to know that the large givers to our Woman's Society give also to the church collections for the American Baptist Home Mission Society, as will be seen from an examination of the contributions reported each month in the *Home Mission Monthly*. Many also give regularly through the church for the American Baptist Home Mission Society and swell the amount of the total sum re-

ceived by our parent Society. It is a fact that the study classes and missionary meetings conducted regularly and efficiently by the women's societies in our churches are raising up a body of intelligent missionary women who are helping forward the cause of missions in the churches. While we rejoice in the interest of our women in the noble Home Mission Society, we urge our Women's Circles to be loyal to our Women's Society. Our only source of income whereby we raise the money promised the American Baptist Home Mission Society comes from our Circles. We ask an increase this year from every Circle in New England.

DURING the summer it is well to think out the plans for Circle meetings next year. Material for individual meetings can be obtained from the Rooms and the program prepared. Speakers also can be engaged. We hope that as far as possible the ladies will provide material for meetings. We have few speakers, and they will not do as much good as study by individual Circles. One or two speakers in the course of the year will be helpful, but let the meetings as a whole be worked out by the women of the Circles, calling in uninterested women to help.

MANY requests for literature, barrels, etc., are sent to Miss Davis, the reason given is that she is always at the office. It is hardly fair, however, to burden her with letters which do not belong to her. If Mrs. Reynolds or Mrs. McWhinnie are away from the office some one will look after their correspondence. Please send all letters pertaining to the official work of the Society, except money matters, as indicated in *Echoes*. "All orders for leaflets and mite-boxes should be sent to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., also all correspondence relating to Alaska matters. All other correspondence relating to the Society should be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass."

THE excellent selection upon the title-page of June *ECHOES*, "Opportunity, Necessity," was an extract from an article in the *American Home Missionary*, written by Newell Sims, of Carthage, Mo. It is a powerful plea for Christian work in North America.



FUTURE WOMEN OF AMERICA

I WILL praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart and I will show forth all thy marvellous works. As I look back over another year in my Master's service, I cannot but thank God for his great goodness and mercy. The work among our Scandinavian people has been very delightful the past year, although I wish much more had been done. When we think of the 13,000 Swedish people in Boston and vicinity not religious or church-going people there is a good deal more to be done, the field is certainly great.

A number of young people have been converted and added to the church which we thank God for. Our fine Sunday school has prospered although we have not had many conversions among the children, but the word has been sown in the young hearts, and we look to Him who is able to bring forth its fruits. The parents are very anxious to have their children learn the Bible in their native tongue. From time to time I have been visiting the homes and this seems to be the only way to bring the gospel to a great number of our people because they don't come to us, we must go to them. I have always been welcome to the homes, welcome to tell the gospel story, and many have received the words into their hearts.

I spent five weeks last fall in Portland, Maine, assisting Pastor Hadeen in the work among the Scandinavian people. In visiting the homes during these five weeks I made 112 religious visits and found the people very willing to receive the gospel. In numbers of homes I found they had no Bibles, but gladly received one. Numbers of these I invited to the church accepted the invitation, and for the first time came to the Baptist church. The small little church are doing a good work to help build up the kingdom of God.

The sewing school has done a good work, have met every Saturday except during my stay in Portland. I have girls from 4 years of age to 15, and the oldest girls are doing excellent work of various kinds, and on March 3d we had a bazaar in the church of things made by the children, and although it was a very stormy evening we had a good attendance and very interesting program. The children were delighted, also their parents took a great interest in the work; although they are not Christians they enjoy to have the children take part in this work, and then the children are trained in mission work. As a result of the evening we gathered in sixty dollars, and have decided \$10.00 for the Orphan Home in Alaska

which the girls are delighted over to think they can have a small part in.

The most important work has been I think among the immigrants, and when we think that nearly a million has entered into our country the last year what a marvellous mission field, and scores of them have landed in Boston. There are hardly words to express for this needed work among those strangers as they arrive at our shores. A great number of young people has come to our country the last year and they all need help, and they all look up to us for it, and the great opportunity for spiritual work. I have given out among the immigrants as they arrived five thousands tracts and numbers of New Testaments. Thank God for opportunity given us to spread the gospel. Many young people who come here stay in our own city, and it is a pleasure to call on them and invite them to church. Some time ago a steamer came in during the week and a great number of whom I meet intended to stay in Boston, and I give them the address of our church, and the following Sunday evening seven of these strangers came to church, and I was certainly glad to see them and they seemed to be glad to see me as I was the only one they know in the congregation, and we want to especially care for these who stay in our city and vicinity as they come because that is the best time to reach them for Christ. As I write my report I am waiting for a steamer, and yesterday I received two letters, one from Worcester to take care of a young woman as she arrive, and another from Connecticut to meet a young boy on these steamers. Oftentimes letters come from Sweden asking me to care for some immigrants as they arrive in the new country.

MATHILDA BROWN.

Worth Knowing About

THE *Native American* states that an old chief of the Navahos, Many Horses, in a recent visit to the school at Phoenix, Ariz., expressed himself as much pleased with his trip to the Pima country, and recognized that the Pimas had advanced farther than the Navahos, especially in religious matters. He wondered at the large church attendance, and at the liberality of the Pimas toward its support. Also he made the significant statement that he believed Christianity would do the same for the Navahos as for the Pimas.

A Call from the East

Extract from an address at Dayton, O., May 26, 1906



THE people of the East have given their money and many of them their lives that Christian manhood and womanhood might be spread all through this western country of ours. This eastern land which has sent so many people to populate and evangelize the West, has in turn become a mission field. The tide of immigration has become a flood. Last year over a million came. New England to-day is foreign. The Middle States are foreign. Not only the great cities, but the smaller ones, the towns, the hillsides, the valley farms are peopled with aliens. They fill the factories, till the farms and work the mines, build our railroads, bore our tunnels, and do the manual work of the nation. In New York to-day 63 languages are spoken. There are more than 300,000 Irishmen there, almost as many as in Dublin, twice the population of Toledo. There are 450,000 Italians, about as many as in Rome, more than the whole population of Cleveland. The German population of New York is larger than the combined populations of Cincinnati and Cleveland. There are 725,000 Jews in New York, which is the capital of the Jewish world. Boston is 60 per cent. foreign, and so it goes throughout the country. The tide of immigration is rising higher and higher; the chief causes of it are excessive taxation and persecution. It is idle to talk of checking this immigration; the question is whether we are going to Americanize and evangelize it. Many of the emigrants are illiterate, but they do not stay so long. They are hungry for knowledge. The public schools are rapidly Americanizing the children. In these schools the Jews and Italians are carrying off the honors in study. Some say we cannot Christianize these people. What a singular man he is who gives his money for foreign missions and then believes that the foreigner is unreachable when he comes here. What a grotesque thing that was when a church in New York sold its meeting-house because of foreigners that surrounded it, and then gave the proceeds for foreign missions on the other side of the world. These people can be reached. They are not an easy field for evangelical work, but an American loves a tough job. An American Christian should never think fail, as he confronts this problem. Something is being done. The Home Mission Society is preaching the gospel in 20 different tongues in 20 cities through 300 missionaries. Let Christian people rise from their lethargy and the millions at our doors will be brought to the Master. We need young men and women who go to New York from churches like this in Dayton to unite with mission churches instead of looking about for places of honor in churches already wealthy and strong. We need institutions as well. This year we ought to do something worth while in lower New York, that greatest home mission field on the continent. We ought to put a great evangelical temple there, with a corps of able workers.

In doing home mission work we should be doing foreign mission work. For courage and endurance and clever ingenuity in gaining their ends no heroes could outdo the humble unknown workers on many of our home mission fields.

REV. FRANK GOODCHILD, D. D.

New York City.

The Schools of Mexico

FOR many, many years the schools of Mexico were controlled by the Catholic Church, but during the nineteenth century there was born of poor Indian parents, a boy (Benito Juarez) who was destined to change many things in his native country.

Having arrived at the age of twelve years without knowing even how to read or write, he was taken under the protection of a priest and educated for the priesthood. He soon showed great aptitude for the higher studies, and not caring to become a priest, became, instead, a lawyer.

His mind was filled with the thought that the only way to make happy the Indian race and save the country was to effect the separation of the Church and State.

A great civil war was fought, at the end of which Juarez declared that the rich properties of the Church belonged to the nation, and ordered their sale.

Other changes followed. Protestant missionaries were allowed an entrance into the country and schools were established that were not under the supervision of the priests and in which no religious doctrine was supposed to be taught.

These schools have made rapid advancement, until, during the past year and a half, the Mexican government has commenced to build beautiful modern schoolhouses, with all the equipment brought from the United States, and up-to-date in every particular.

The necessity, in Mexico, of knowing English is very great, and herein lies our opportunity. The children are sent to the mission schools in order that they may acquire our language, and some of them become Protestants. But if the schools of the republic advance as rapidly in the next few years as in the past, our opportunity will be gone, for already the teaching of English has been given a place in the public schools.

Our great need is a respectable school building. The price of property is increasing with great rapidity in Mexico, and every month makes a suitable property more difficult to obtain.

Is there no way of securing the twenty thousand dollars that we need?

JENNIE J. BOLLES.

City of Mexico.

A Converted America; A Converted World

WE are all praying to-day for a great revival, but assuredly no cause has so much to gain from a great revival as the missionary cause. Missionary fervor has always followed in the wake of revivals. The rise of the Jesuits, the birth of the Franciscan order, the work of Wesley, the success of the Salvation Army, each is followed in turn by the organization of immense enterprises for the conversion of the brethren. And it is with that lesson in mind that I say that the true cause of the missionary problem to-day is the education of life and thought in our churches. It is in the inquiring minds of Boston and Chicago and San Francisco that India and China will be won for Christ. The greatest of all missionaries to the heathen may prove to be the evangelist who never leaves his native land. A converted America means nothing less than a converted world.

—Rev. W. J. Dawson, in *American Home Missionary*.

America's Danger



OCIALLY, Mormonism is a blot upon our country and a disgrace to civilization; politically it is a menace to any government; religiously it is a delusion, but propagated with the characteristic zeal of the fanatic and bigot.

It is a well-known fact that they have recently acquired vast tracts of land in Northern Mexico, and are now undertaking to plant colonies on them.

If they were content to confine their operations to the West that would be peril enough for our country, but they are invading the East, and operating in all parts of the world, having an aggregate membership at present of three hundred thousand. Presbyterians send twenty-two missionaries to Utah; whilst the Mormons send 2,000 to every nook and corner of our country!

"Mormonism makes practically no proselytes among its gentile neighbors. Its progress is the result of its persistent missionary work. In 1901 officers of the Mormon Church claimed that from 1,400 to 1,600 emissaries of the Church of the Latter Day Saints were in the field. The East is permeated with their influence. They enter a Christian Church in Harlem, New York, and their specious arguments capture members and officers of its Christian Endeavor Society, who forthwith emigrate to Utah; they call from house to house in Pennsylvania, and even the descendants of Scotch Covenanters are not proof against their wiles; they penetrate the coves of the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies, seeming angels of light to the secluded inhabitants. They take service in families, the better to carry forward their work. A Mormon butler actually induced sixty servant girls to go to Utah by the promise of husbands and homes.

"The English manufacturing towns are promising fields. The people are ignorant, superstitious, and poor, and the offer of a building lot, or a farm, is very attractive. In the six years beginning with 1840, 3,750 Mormon immigrants came from Great Britain alone. No law can prevent this unless the incomers admit that they are polygamists—and that contingency, of course, is carefully guarded against. In fact, the doctrine of polygamy is usually kept in the background, if not denied, until a new convert reaches Utah. 'When we dare,' said an apostle, speaking of missionary work in Japan, 'we preach the doctrine of plural marriage.'

"Three hundred American Mormons are reported as attending the dedication of a Mormon Temple in Copenhagen. The Book of Mormon has been translated into fourteen different languages, including German, French, Danish, Italian, Dutch, Welsh, Swedish, Spanish, Hawaiian, Hindustani, Maori, Samoan, and Tahitian" ("Under Our Flag").

One of the great dailies in Atlanta recently announced that there are more Mormon elders at work in Georgia than Presbyterian ministers. The writer was in Baltimore recently, and read a call in one of the papers for a meeting of ministers and others interested, to take action in regard to Mormons preaching in that city; and he stood on the streets of Macon, Ga., and saw the great

Mormon Convention, as it adjourned, and watched them as they scattered two by two in all directions to propagate their infamous doctrines. Once they glided stealthily, through rural districts, and frontier settlements, but now they preach boldly on the streets of Atlanta, and infest our great cities and the very strongholds of our faith. To counteract and thwart them, is one special mission of home missions. The Presbyterians and Congregationalists are gaining a foothold in Utah by means of schools and missions; but it is too late to send missionaries after proselytes have been shipped to Utah. The Church must meet these emissaries in every community. Other communities must be preempted against them by being occupied for Christ so thoroughly through home missions, that these emissaries will find an uncongenial atmosphere.

"Why did not the Mormons effect a settlement in Illinois or Missouri, where they first attempted to found a home for their pernicious doctrine and strange practices? Because the ground was occupied by a better class of citizens who, abhorred the vicious tenets of the Mormons and bitterly opposed their progress. So this anomalous sect sought a home farther west, where the foot of the white man had hardly trod. There they created a great commonwealth of ignorant and fanatic people under the absolute control of unscrupulous leaders, whose disregard of sound morals is equalled only by their contempt for civil law" (Rev. P. H. Gwinn).

If it is true as stated by Oliver Wendell Holmes that the training of a child should begin a hundred years before it is born, then the time to prepare our communities against Mormonism is before they make their appearance on the scene. No method will be effectual till the Church in its home mission operation exceeds the zeal of the false apostles of this unscrupulous sect. If men are zealous for falsehood, why is it Christians are not more zealous for the truth?

Time would fail to tell of Theosophists who, under the guise of "Brotherhood of Man," are seeking to introduce into our country the old effete heathen Buddhism of the East. One of our cities in Georgia contains an organization of Theosophists one hundred strong; and they have established under the leadership of Catherine Tingley an institution in California for the propagation of this form of heathenism in the United States. Time would fail to tell of Spiritualists, Socialists, Anarchists, Dowieites, and other foes, which antagonize the Church and threaten godliness.

It is time the Church were girding up her loins and preparing to meet the enemy, which is "coming in like a flood," if she is not only to capture this country, but hold it for Christ. It is necessary to contend not only for the faith, but for our fair land, our home, our civilization, and our religion. This is the object of home missions: to meet the enemy at every point; to give the gospel to every community; to plant a church in every locality; until every dark valley is illumined, and every mountain-top crimsoned with the glory of the gospel of Christ.

It must be home missions for America now; or it may be that foreign missionaries from Japan or New Zealand must come in the coming centuries to tell the story of the Cross in our apostate land.—"At Our Own Door."

Hungarian Church



IN a personal letter from Mrs. A. F. Green, of Cleveland, Ohio, we received the following account of the organization of the first Hungarian Baptist Church of Cleveland, and we believe the first one in the country. Dr. and Mrs. Green have been deeply interested in this church, and have given much time and strength in making its work successful.

"In regard to the Hungarian Mission, I think I told you of its humble origin, humanly speaking,—how the



HUNGARIAN CHURCH, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Lord honored the simple invitation of a plain German woman to her Catholic Hungarian neighbor to attend a prayer-meeting; the invitation extended to the husband, an official in the Catholic Church, at the next meeting, the final conversion of both and of others. The little prayer-meeting organized for Hungarians; their persistence in discouragements; choosing one of their number as leader. That was one line of Divine leading.

"The other also came through the agency of women. An earnest desire kindled in the hearts of the women of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Cleveland Baptist Association to do something for the evangelization of the foreigners in Cleveland, the months of prayer and investigation finally culminating in the determination to undertake work among the 30,000 Magyars (Hungarians).

"We find the Lord has already begun. We stand ready when the opportunity offers. The women are ready to help. Now the two lines of Providence combine. A leader from their own number is chosen. He must be supported. The Magyars are poor, the average wages being \$1.00 to \$1.25 per day. The women confer with the American Home Baptist Mis-

sion Society, who agree to pay the leader the same wages as he received in the shop. The Women's Society and the City Mission Society must oversee the work and provide a place of meeting.

"Great difficulty encountered in finding a place to rent for Protestant meetings; finally found a house formerly used as a saloon. It served the purpose for two or three years, during which the mission became solidified. The growth was slow, but the people became self-reliant. The neighborhood taunted them with meeting in a saloon and would not attend their meetings, although they would gather for outdoor service.

"Then the Lord's hand was again revealed. A little chapel stood in the very midst of the Hungarian settlement. It had been built by Germans, but, as there were now no Germans in the vicinity, they wished to sell. This ambitious little mission set their eyes and their heart on that chapel, secured an option against the time when the Germans were really ready to sell, and when that time came, they appealed to us for help. They had been saving up their money and had \$150.00 cash, just one-tenth the price. Through the kind interest of a legal brother in securing terms with the Germans and the unwavering efforts of the Woman's Society, one-half the purchase price was paid in installments, the Hungarians themselves saving another \$100.00 before the final payment. Then the Cleveland Baptist City Missionary Society paid the remaining half and took possession of the property.

"They are very happy in their church home. The leader who served the first few years went to a theological seminary before they bought the chapel. But the Lord graciously sent this minister, who has been tried and tested in his own country, as colporter and pastor. During the year that he has served the mission has increased from 21 to 43, and four more were baptized June 3, and two young men requested prayer in the evening. The work is very encouraging.

"M. C. K. GREEN."



PASTOR AND SUNDAY SCHOOL OF HUNGARIAN CHURCH, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Then and Now



LK CREEK was the hardest field among the Indians for missionary work. Mr. Hicks and I visited this place March, 1893, driving 120 miles in an open road-wagon to look out a location for the present mission. Not one of all the Indians living here at that time really wanted missionaries among them. They were satisfied in their sins—preferring to be left alone in their heathenism. White men of corrupt minds came to their camp, gambled with them day and night, winning their money and much of the stuff issued to them by the government.

There was one thing to be gained by having the mission, and they would make the most of it. They went for the issue every two weeks. Often when they returned their things had been plundered and anything of value gone.

They asked if they could store things with us until they came back. They even hauled up their lumber, and we were glad to help them, and finally gained their confidence. All this time we were giving them the gospel, teaching them to do things, and assisting them in anyway we could.

The good seed sowed is always a power. And the Kiowas began to yield to its influence. This one and that began to take a step, then others, finally we had quite a little church-membership. Oh, how our hearts rejoiced as we saw them coming into the Light.

Old days have gone with the tom-toms, old customs, old habits and desires, the filthy smoky tepee, the dirty blanket, buckskin, feathers, and paint have been supplanted by higher, nobler things. The Kiowas actually have aspirations. They are on the upward move, and who can tell to that which they may attain in the future?

Doyeto says, "When God said that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, He meant for man to work." He also said, "I like him work, when I work I am happy."

There is room for improvement in many respects, but if we keep everlastingly at it, precept upon precept, a little here, a little there, the end will be attained in a twofold measure, whether we live to see it or not.

When we were away last summer on our vacation, Deacon Lone Wolf took charge of the work two months, and he did well indeed; he worked everybody in. The newcomers were taking part. After we came home, I asked Artape to pray. He said he did not know how. Lone Wolf said to him, "If you can say only a few words, next time it will not be so hard and you can do better. The Great Father knows."

A Talk by Lone Wolf, February, 1906:

"I thought this morning the Bro. Hicks would be here, and I would hear good words. I am sorry he is away, but I will do what I can to help along.

"This church house was given us to worship God in, and the Kiowas come here every Sunday to sing and pray and hear the Bible read. When I hear His words I try to keep them. To-day Mrs. Hicks told us about two great cities that were destroyed because of their wickedness. I am so glad we Kiowas have heard about Christ and are saved. I can't read, but God's words are to me like

I see Him before me all the time. I see so many white people that can read this Bible, yet they don't care for Sunday. When I see them I am sorry for them.

"I am just a poor Indian and love Jesus, and I love Sunday for it is His day. I wish white people would not break Sunday. I try every day to live a straight life before my people."

When Lone Wolf made the appeal for missionaries in 1890, he said, "The Christians are like the summer when everything is beautiful and green, the ponies and cattle are fat and the people happy. The Kiowas are not like that, they are the winter when everything is dead and dried up, the cattle poor, the ponies weak; no one of them (Kiowas) happy. Will you not send us missionaries to teach us the good way so my people will be happy, too?" etc.

Little did we think as we listened to that Macdonian cry that we should be the ones to answer it.

Mrs. G. W. Hicks.

Hobart, Okla., March 23, 1906.

National Facts

THE growth of the United States in power has been greater than her growth in population. One hundred years ago we were a bare 6,000,000 of people on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean. To-day we are some 83,000,000 upon a continent having multiplied fourteenfold. Yet growth in power has been marvellous. In 1800, the receipts of the United States Government were not \$12,000,000; in 1905, they were \$900,000,000, an increase of seventy-five fold. In 1820, deposits in savings banks were \$1,138,576; in 1905, they were \$3,093,077,357, having multiplied themselves 2,716 times. In 1820, the value of our manufactures exported was under \$4,000,000; in 1905, it was \$543,000,000. To-day, though the United States comprises only five per cent. of the world's population, it produced in 1900, 22 per cent. of the world's wheat, 39 per cent. of its gold, 32 per cent. of its coal, 33 per cent. of its silver, 34 per cent. of its manufactures, 35 per cent. of its iron, 36 per cent. of its cattle, 38 per cent. of its steel, 50 per cent. of its petroleum, 54 per cent. of its copper, 75 per cent. of its cotton, and 84 per cent. of its corn. New York City has more wealth than in the entire country in 1840. Cost of army (1905), \$90,059,000. Cost of navy (1905), \$117,550,000.—*Homiletic Review*.

"THERE are 65 different languages spoken in New York City, and newspapers are printed in French, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Hungarian, Chinese, Greek, and Hebrew. Foreign colonies are found in different parts of the city, and the sign is frequently seen 'English spoken here.' Here is a Home and Foreign Mission field ready for the reapers. We are doing so little in New York City. Among all the millions we have but six churches and six preachers."

"LET us save the children for missions and America will be redeemed. Let us give Christ his throne on his own soil. He made it, he died for it, he hungers for it. Let us resolve together it shall be his. From Atlantic to Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes, it shall be forever his. Burn it into the hearts of the boys and girls: America for Christ—all from sea to sea for Christ."



The American Baptist Home Mission Society

How to Become Hopeful

IF you are inclined to be pessimistic concerning the accessibility of foreigners, go to some mission and obtain a corrective. It is a rare sight to see an Italian Sunday school of between four and five hundred men, women, and children. The number of adult men would surprise you, for the Italian men must go and see before they allow their wives and children to go. The writer will not forget a Christmas entertainment given by an Italian school. The exercises were nearly all in English, and the training of the children would do credit to any school in the land. The heartiness with which the participants entered into the program was in refreshing contrast with what had often been witnessed at American Sunday-school festivals. From the infants in the primary up to the young men and women, who had a most excellent orchestra among other things, there was a pride in the affair most refreshing. There was the hope of America in the rising generation, which gave the flag drill, and saluted the stars and stripes with a free enthusiasm good to feel. In such evangelization lies the making of the Americans who must be relied upon to save the nations from infidelity and sordidness and decadence. And no one witnessing such a living object lesson could doubt the wisdom of extending indefinitely such centres of Christian influence. Could you follow home the children who recited their pieces in clear and beautiful English, the significance of the mission in their lives would become much plainer. All most of them know of home is one, two, or three overcrowded, ill-lighted, and unventilated rooms in the third or fourth grade tenement-houses. The school and the mission furnish the bright spots in their lives. And yet, shame to say, that great Italian mission church and Sunday school, with a hundred thousand Italians to draw upon, was given but the most meagre support, and had only the dark and ill-ventilated basement of an old meeting-house for a church home. As the patient missionary and his wife—remarkable workers they were—said, they could not make the Italians, accustomed to the fine churches, think that this basement was a house of God, a fit place in which to worship Him, nor could they get the self-respecting Italians to attend. It did not look to them as though the American Christians really cared much about the work, or they would provide for it in a different way. Instead of this reproach, there should have been planted, right in Mulberry Park, where the throngs surge, a superb church plant, with roof garden and gymnasium, and all

accessories for the widest class-room work. Then the immigrants would think Americans meant business and had a religion worth talking about. There is plenty of money. How long before the needs will be seen, the work be properly estimated, and the work of evangelization be entered upon in a manner commensurate with its importance?

City Colonies a Menace

IS there not basis for the fear expressed by Dr. Strong that our cities are fast becoming miniature Europes, with a little Ireland here, a little Germany there, and a little Italy yonder? The vast majority come with motives of peaceful interest—to be free, to have a home of their own, to be on an equality with men around them. But few of them, however, are really Christians. Most of those who call themselves such are mere formalists: a large proportion are Roman Catholics, and there is a multitude of scoffers and skeptics. Serious causes for apprehension are found in the antagonism of many of them toward our public school system, in their attitude in favor of the manufacture and use of intoxicating beverages, and their open disregard of the Sabbath. The danger is most apparent in large cities, as New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and St. Louis, where, instead of readily assimilating with the natives, the foreign element preserves and establishes European customs. The clannishness of some of them in political action is another source of danger. It is time to begin in earnest the work of transformation that shall make Americans of all these peoples.

A Strange Prayer-Meeting

A WESTERN pastor decided to do some personal missionary work among the foreigners in this parish, and started out with the church missionary. The first opening was in the home of an Italian artist. When the Italian learned who his visitor was, placing his hand upon his heart, he exclaimed, "I want something to satisfy which the priest does not possess." He was a man conscious of his soul's deep need and not knowing how to have that need supplied. To the question, "Would you like a Bible in the Italian tongue?" he replied, "The priest won't let us read that book." Miss Bonacker having a Bible with her, showed it to him, when he exclaimed, "I would like an American Bible." Instantly Miss Bonacker asked his name, and writing it upon the inside cover with marked passages for him to read, presented

it to him in the name of the Baptists of our city and nation. Pastor Hands then asked the privilege to pray with them. But in amazement they exclaimed, "We don't know how to pray, never been taught to pray." When assured that prayer would be offered for them, they readily consented, and there, kneeling on uncarpeted floors, we had our first prayer-meeting in an Italian Catholic home. The lessons of that day will not be forgotten, and that pastor is preaching missionary sermons all the time of the living sort.

The Foreign Peril of the City



WE are permitted to print in advance the following extracts from the forthcoming Home Mission text-book on immigration, entitled "Aliens or Americans?" The volume is by Rev. Howard B. Grose, and will be issued by the Home Mission Society, in conjunction with the Young People's Missionary Movement, in July. It will be used in the Home Mission study classes during the coming year, and aside from this, will bring to the general reader a comprehensive view of a subject that is vital to America's future. The paragraphs following are from Chapter VII, with the title given above:

"As is the city, so will the nation be. The tendencies all seem to be toward steady concentration in great centres. The evils of congestion do not deter the thronging multitudes. The attractions of the city are irresistible, even to those who exist in the most wretched conditions. The tenement districts baffle description, yet nothing is more difficult than to get their miserable occupants to leave their fetid and squalid surroundings for the country. To the immigrants the city is a magnet. Here they find colonies of their own people, and prize companionship more than comfort. In the great cities the immigrants are massed, and this fact makes them a perplexing problem. If tens of thousands of foreigners could somehow be gotten out of New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, and be distributed where they are needed and could find work and homes, immigration would cause far less anxiety. But when the immigrant prefers New York or Chicago, what authority shall remove him to Louisiana or Oklahoma? The foreigner is in the city; he will mainly stay there; and the question is what can be done to improve his city environment. For the perils to which we refer are primarily due not to the foreigner himself, but to the evil and vice-breeding conditions in which the foreign population has to exist. The overcrowded tenements and slums, the infection of long-entrenched corruption, the absence of light, fresh air, and playgrounds for the children, the unsanitary conditions and exorbitant rents, the political heebers teaching civic corruption, the saloons with their attendant temptations to vice and crime, the fraudulent naturalization—these work together upon the immigrant, for his undoing and to the detriment of the nation. When we permit such an environment to exist, we can hardly condemn the immigrant for forming foreign colonies which maintain foreign customs and are

impervious to American influences. It has too long been the common practice to lay everything to the foreigner. Would it not be fairer and more Christian to distribute the blame, and assume that part of it which belongs to us?

"In government, in sentiment, in practice, as in population (thirty-seven per cent. foreign born and seventy-six per cent. of foreign birth or parentage), the metropolis is predominantly foreign, and in election the foreign vote, shrewdly manipulated for the most part, controls. Nor is this true of New York alone. In thirty-three of our largest cities the foreign population is larger than the native; in Milwaukee and Fall River the foreign percentage rises as high as eighty-five. In all these cities the foreign colonies are as distinct and practically as isolated socially as though they were in Russia or Poland, Italy or Hungary. To believe that this makes no particular difference so far as the development of our national life is concerned is to shut one's eyes to obvious facts. As such an impartial and intelligent student of our institutions as Mr. James Bryce has pointed out, the conspicuous failure of democracy in America thus far is seen in the bad government of her great cities. And it is in these centres that the mass of the immigrants learn their first and often last lessons of American life.

"To those who have not made personal investigation, the present conditions, in spite of laws and efforts to ameliorate the worst evils, are well-nigh unbelievable. The cellar population, the blind alley population, the swarming masses in buildings that are little better than rat-traps, the herding of whole families in single rooms, in which the miserable beings sleep, eat, cook, and make clothing for contractors, or cigars that would never go into men's mouths if the men saw where they were made—these things seem almost impossible in a civilized and Christian land. It is horrible to be obliged to think of the human misery and hopelessness and grind to which hundreds of thousands are subjected in the city of New York day in and out, without rest or change. It is no wonder that criminals and degenerates come from these districts; it is a marvel, rather, that so few result, and that so much of human kindness and goodness exist in spite of crushing conditions. There is a bright as well as dark side even to the most disgraceful districts; but there is no denying that the dark vastly predominates, and that the struggle for righteousness is too hard for the average human being. Nearly everything is against the present immigrant thrust into the throng which has no welcome for him, no decent room, and yet from which he has little chance to get away. He is commonly cleaner morally when he lands than after six months of the life here. Why should he not be? What has American Christianity done to safeguard or help him?"

The author goes on to lay bare the tenement-house conditions, the sweat-shop iniquities, the overcrowding that makes morality and decency well-nigh impossible, the political manipulation of the foreign vote, the pauperism and intemperance, and the illegal child labor—which constitute a peril for the helpless immigrant, and in turn make him a peril to the country. It is a stirring chapter, calculated to awaken sleeping Christians to the need of city evangelization, if only as a measure of self-protection.

Silence and Quietness

SILENCE does not always mean quietness. There is a silence that is ominous; there is a quietness that is peace. Simply to refrain from speech, to utter no outcry, may be silence, but it is not necessarily quietness—the quietness that means peace. The Stoics made no complaints; they bore in silence many ills over which others grieved and mourned and groaned, and sometimes cried aloud. But the silence of the Stoics was not the quietness of faith, the quietness that brings peace. Silence before a storm seems to be the time of nature's preparation for a great upheaval. I have felt the silence before a cyclone—it was a gruesome silence that sent chills over the soul. I have also felt the quietness of eventide in summer-time, and it soothed the heart and rested life. Yet the silence of the summer evening did not make the quietness within; it simply responded to the peace that swept over the soul from the land of fair distances. When David kept silence there was a roaring in his bones; when he tarried by the still waters there was restoration of soul. "Study to be quiet." And when we have learned the secret we shall have the quietness of soul that brings peace, even when there are conflicting voices on every side, and the storm beats over the world. So it comes to pass that only the heart that rests in God knows the sweet mystery of peace—quietness. There is a silence that is voiceful of tumult; there is a quietness like unto the peace of God. Silence may be the temporary muzzling of conflicting forces; quietness is the inner possession of the heart; it is the poise of faith.—*From Service.*

America a Foreign Land

IT is difficult to realize how thoroughly foreignized our cities have become. As Dr. F. M. Goodchild says: New York City has almost from the beginning been made up of a mixed multitude. Doughty old Peter Stuyvesant was himself troubled by this immigration problem. As far back as 1643 eighteen languages were spoken in New Amsterdam. To-day sixty-three languages are spoken there. There are more than 300,000 Irishmen in New York to-day, almost as many as there are in Dublin, more than twice as many as the whole population of Toledo. There are nearly 450,000 Italians there, about as many as there are in Rome, more than the whole population of Cleveland. The Federation of Churches tells us that the German population of New York is 780,782,—200,000 more than the population of Hamburg, which next to Berlin is the largest city in Germany. The German population of New York City is greater than the combined population of Cleveland and Cincinnati.

There are 725,000 Jews in New York City, so that New York is the capital of the Jewish world. Among the 4,000,000 people of New York there are more Jews than among the 44,000,000 people of the German Empire, which every little while indulges in Jew-baiting. There are more Cohens than Smiths in the New York City Directory. In Greater New York every fifth person you meet is a

Jew, and two out of every three are of foreign birth or parentage.

More than that, the foreigner is everywhere. New England is foreign to-day. The Middle States are foreign to-day. Not only the great cities, but the smaller towns as well; not only the small towns, but the hillsides; not only the hillsides, but the valley farms are peopled with men and women who have strange faces and strange ways. We are told of a dear old lady whose home was in Northampton, Mass., who had spent some time in the South and had at last returned home. As soon as the first greetings were over she said to her sister, "What do you think? I saw an Irishman on Main Street as I came up to-day." It seems to me that there can be little pleasure in living here now, if those people have come here, too. That was a good many years ago. Neither the Irishman nor any other foreigner is solitary in New England to-day. From end to end the foreigner covers the land. The factories are run by foreign labor. The mines are worked by foreign hands. Our railroads are built, our tunnels are bored, our subways are constructed, almost all our great enterprises of building are carried on by the toil of foreigners. If you read the names on the signs in the streets of our eastern cities you will see that foreigners in great numbers are pushing into the ways of trade.

What does this mean, if not that God is sending these peoples from all nations to our very doors that we may give them the gospel. This is the day of opportunity in home missions.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, DAYTON, OHIO

AMERICA Christianized means the world Christianized.
—Prof. Hoppin.

Appreciative Converts

NO converts to Christianity are more appreciative, grateful, and generous than the foreigners who have found a home in America. The following story of a Bohemian convert, now a Congregational missionary, shows how gladly the gospel is received: "Miss Bozena Salava was born in Bohemia, of Protestant parents. As a child she listened to her grandmother's tales of the persecutions suffered for the truth by her ancestors. It roused her painful sympathy to hear how her grandfather had been compelled to surrender his Bible and be tortured besides. At thirteen she was received into the church, and that was a memorable day to her spiritually. In 1885 her parents, having lost their property, emigrated to Chicago, where they were rejoiced to hear God's word in their own tongue, preached by Dr. Adams, who had been ten years a missionary in Prag, Bohemia, and had the year before begun a Bohemian Mission in Chicago. Here her spiritual life was nourished, and she was led into missionary work in the primary class of the Sunday school, a work in which she has been very happy and successful. One day, finding her mother weeping for sorrow over the loss of property and the necessity of seeking a new home in a strange land, she begged her to see how happy she (the daughter) was in her new-found work for children who, she said, might have had no one to tell them of Christ if temporal loss had not brought her family to America. She gladly accepted the offer to devote her life to missionary work, and entered the Bethlehem Missionary Training School in Cleveland. Since graduating she has for many years been most happily and usefully employed in the large Bohemian Mission in Chicago. This is what evangelization does.

Distribution of the Immigrants



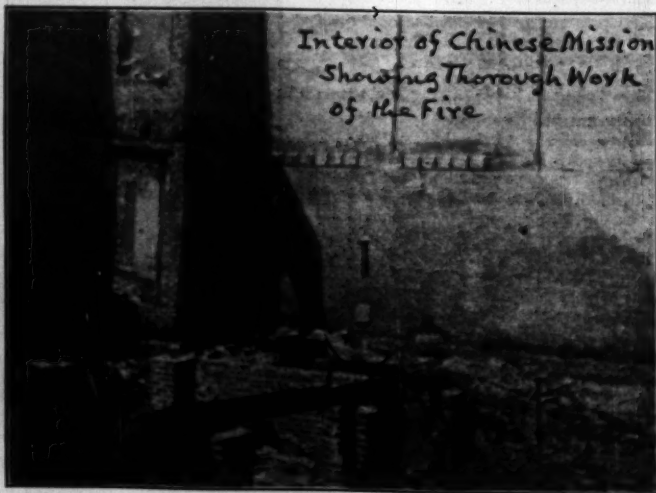
N important step which the government may and should take, says Dr. Charles L. Thompson, toward assisting in the Americanization of the incoming peoples is to take measures to ensure their proper distribution throughout the country by giving them knowledge of the opportunities which various parts of the country possess and by assisting them to reach those places. These alien communities in our cities to which I have referred are a constant threat to the moral and political security of the country. They are the centre not only of physical disease, but of moral depravity, as has been shown again and again by Mr. Rus and others on Manhattan Island. The Commissioner of Immigration in his last report urges suitable legislation "to establish agencies by the means of which, either with or without the cooperation of the States, aliens shall be made acquainted with the resources of the country at large; the industrial needs of the various sections in both skilled and unskilled labor; the cost of living; the wages paid, the price and capacities of the land; the character of the climate, the duration of the season. In short, all of that information furnished by some of the great railroad lines, through whose efforts the territory tributary thereto has been transformed from a wilderness, within a few years, to the abiding-place of a happy and prosperous population."

We cannot serve God and Mammon but we can serve God with Mammon.

—Robt. E. Speer.

The work of Christian missions is the world's greatest work of cooperation.

—President H. C. King.



INTERIOR OF CHINESE MISSION IN SAN FRANCISCO

Told in Story



JOHN and Mary were married in—well, no matter what year. This story has nothing to do with their honeymoon or with the years directly following upon their marriage. It is the story of one day as representative of many such in their married life.

John went to the breakfast-table one morning and found upon it nothing but crackers and water. Mary sat languidly awaiting his coming. The weather was warm and she was dressed in the coolest of morning gowns. Her cheeks were unflushed either by kitchen heat or by mortification over the scanty meal set before her husband. John partook of the meal, as all good husbands do, with never a word of complaint. Then came the morning worship, in which both husband and wife took part. John prayed for strength for the duties of the day (alas! where else could he get strength but from above?). Mary devoutly thanked the Lord for the opportunity of service, and for the good she had been allowed to do in the world.

John kissed his wife good-by, hoped that she might have a happy morning, and went to his office. Upon his way, however, he stopped at a restaurant and ordered a cup of coffee and a generous slice of toast, with poached egg.

At noon his table was bountifully spread with—crackers and water, with the addition of a bit of cheese. The queen of his home looked unruffled by any care. "Indeed the morning has been so hot," she declared, "I could scarcely exist. I have been in the hammock most of the morning. Was it warm down-town? I wish that you had been here in the middle of the morning. I had a most delicious dish of ice-cream. Manly does make such good cream, and he now sends around such good cake with his wagon. I would have gotten some for your lunch—only you know that ice-cream will not keep, and—well, to be real truthful, I was not thinking about your lunch then. Hungry? Have another cracker, dear, and a bit more cheese."

"I must go away to-night, Mary, on important business." This as John nibbled his dry cracker and cheese. "Can you have a good meal ready for me at ten o'clock? My train leaves at eleven. Oh, yes! I will want dinner as usual at six o'clock, but my journey will be a hard one—in fact, this whole day has been very hard"—John looked wearily over his table—"and I shall need a good, generous lunch at ten o'clock. Sorry to keep you up so late, but—call in help. Nancy will help you."

John left home, hungry, tired, distressed. Once more he stopped at the restaurant, whose keeper had grown so accustomed to his coming that he reserved a seat for him as a matter of course.

Mary cleared away the dishes, lay down for a half-hour, languidly wondering what John was doing, dressed and made some calls, coming home just in time to get dinner ready by six o'clock.

John returned early in the afternoon, too exhausted to work longer. He was tired and hungry, for restaurant fare did not agree with him, disgusted with the world in general and his wife in particular. She was busy in the

kitchen, however, and his hopes began to rise. He lay upon the couch, wondering what he should find upon his table this time.

"Dinner is ready, dear; come. I have something that you like very, very much. I made it all myself, too." His spirits rose. He was to have a good, square, home meal this time surely. Mary had been busy in the kitchen, and her cheery voice betokened desirable results.

"Have some crackers, dear? They are Unceca biscuit, and I think them very nice. This tea, too, is good, and the cheese. Have a bit? You can have some butter on your crackers. What is it I have for you? Oh, that is for dessert. I want to wait and surprise you."

The crackers and tea and cheese being disposed of, all there was in sight, Mary went into the kitchen and brought in a piece of apple pie.

"Excellent? Yes, indeed, it is really fine; and you made it yourself? What a cook you are, to be sure." And the patient, all-enduring man actually felt that he owed his wife a debt of gratitude for that pie.

"Now I must run back to the office, Mary. Sorry, but there are so many things that must be attended to. I will be back home by ten o'clock, and I am sure that I shall feel in fine trim for my journey if you can have a good, hot lunch ready for me. Nancy is in the kitchen now? That's good. Don't be late. You know that trains do not wait, even for so important a personage as your husband."

Ten o'clock found him at his front door again. The house was ablaze with light. He heard appetizing sounds from the dining-room. Dishes were rattling, silver jingling, Nancy was flying here and there. He went to the dining-room; he even ventured into the kitchen. A turkey, brown and savory, was just emerging from the oven. Mashed potatoes, white and creamy, were ready to be served. Crisp lettuce and radishes, jelly, cranberries, ice-cream and cake, everything to tempt and appease a hungry man's appetite. Mary, fresh and charming, was directing all the preparation of the meal. What a feast that was, to be sure! How he wished that it might have been divided into four good meals. There was enough for a plain substantial breakfast, a good noonday meal, a tempting dinner, and an excellent lunch. If what he had been compelled to spend at the restaurant had been added to the family treasury, what could they not have done? John ate until he could eat no more, looked at his watch, found that he had but ten minutes to get to the train, rushed off without kissing his wife good-by, left his grip behind in his haste, and got to the station ticketless, hatless, gripless, and breathless, just in time to spring to the rear platform of the rear car as the train pulled out of the station.

A few moments of careful reflection, by one careless about making offerings in equal quarterly payments to the mission treasury, will make plain the interpretation of the foregoing and should tend to correct that most unsatisfactory habit.

A bare treasury for nine months of the year, denials to pressing appeals from the mission field, much anxiety and uncertainty, overwork and hurry at the end of the year when funds are rushed in, all this may be remedied by equalizing gifts.

LUCY HINDMAN McAFEE.



Our Little Folks

What a Child May Do

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

—Selected.

Vacation Time

IT was so pleasant in the June days to watch the boys and girls in their very best clothes go tripping by on their way to the closing exercises of their schools. We saw them as they were going home and noticed that some of them carried neat-looking rolls tied with long ribbons telling the story of graduation to a higher grade.

And now the great schoolhouse across the way looks very deserted and we miss the merry shouts of laughter and shall be glad when the autumn days bring them

back again.

The picture above tells of vacation time in every line, and we can imagine the old flat-bottomed boat filled with young folks pushing out to gather pond-lilies, or for a row on the quiet waters.

Dear little folks, don't forget to save some mission pennies in the vacation season. Take along to the mountains, the lakes, the seashore, or the farms, the little silver mail-boxes, or the Alaska boxes, and put in a penny when you've had an extra good time as a kind of thank-offering.

Earn some money if you can, and if you are on the watch you'll find many a way opened to you.

A happy summer to you all, and may you be more earnest mission workers because of the strength you will store up in the weeks to come.

The Children from Over the Sea

WE are studying this month about the peoples from many countries who are coming to make their homes in America. Among them are many little children who will grow to be men and women in our large cities, or on the great farms of our Western States. We have seen a great many of these little ones on their arrival in New York. A very amusing remark was made to us by Mrs. Schiek, the German missionary at Ellis Island. "One woman was so afraid she should lose one of her seven children she had them hitched together with a clothes-line." Another missionary writes: "In November I found in the Detention Pen two bright Scotch laddies, stowaways. They had come in a freight vessel and had been away six weeks when I met them. The English government has imposed a fine of six months in the penitentiary for this crime, if the culprits are returned to that country. When I learned this I worked hard to get the required \$10.00 for each boy; I stuck to it till I secured it, and when the boys were released and turned over to me, what dirty-looking objects I had on my hands, in return for my care and labor. At the Emigrant Home we found a good supply of soap and water. New, clean shirts and stockings and shoes made a great difference in their appearance. That evening they wrote to their parents in Scotland, telling them that they had found a friend in America. But better than this, they promised that my Jesus should be their Jesus."



All About Dolls



Are questioning within ourselves as some of the older ones glance at the above heading, if they will say, "Well! I wonder what the editor of this department in a missionary paper is thinking about to put in an article about dolls!"

Just this—little folks and big folks, young people and older people can read for themselves in the Alaska receipts for March, 1906, "Auburn, Me., Court St. Primary S. S., \$4.00." We happen to know that this money was the proceeds of a "Dolls' Reception." If so much could result in one case, as much and many times more might result from other Dolls' Receptions.

As to the program in this particular case, we suppose there were recitations, music, etc., and a great deal of showing and comparing of dollies before and after, for they were there in full force, and the owners were like little miniature mothers, very proud and happy. Then there were on sale all kinds of dolls' clothes, dresses, skirts, waists, kimonoes, sets of furs, hats, etc. Of course the usual candy-table was there, and behind it stood little maids far sweeter than anything they sold.

We found recently in *Every Other Sunday* something about the dolls with which the children of this big world are playing: It would be a nice addition to somebody's program in a Dolls' Reception.

"In Siberia and Arctic America, ivory dolls, clothed in furs, of beautiful workmanship, are found; in Peruvian graves, dressed dolls of clay; and in Africa the girls play with wooden or clay figures. Dolls' heads of thin iron are now sold in the fancy shops in London. The heads are said to be well cast; and, when enamelled and finished by a handsome head of hair, a very good-looking, if rather heavy-headed, doll is the result. The bodies are made of kid, as heretofore. Dutch dolls come from Tyrol. The rest are made in England, largely in London, while Birmingham supplies a great part of our knickknacks."

Then, too, we will give you a description of the oldest doll in the country. It appeared in the *Boston Globe* of January 22, 1905. It will furnish another item for the program.

"The oldest doll in this country now makes her home in South Weymouth, and is the property of Mrs. H. Otis Brown, of 86 Oak Street.

"She bears the name of *Mehitable Hodges*, and is known to be 190 years old. She was brought from France to Salem in 1724 by Capt. Gamaliel Hodges, for his little daughter (probably Antiss), on his return from a voyage to Canton, China.

"Antiss Hodges, who never married, in time gave the doll to her brother John, who was born while the captain was on the above voyage, then it passed to Benjamin, his son, who was born in 1754, then to his daughter Hannah, named for her mother, Hannah King, and was given by her to Sarah Allen, from her it passed to her niece, Mrs.

Mary N. Sweetser, of Reading, Mass., and from her to her granddaughter, Mrs. H. Otis Brown, the present owner, by whom it is highly treasured as a family heirloom.

"The doll is arrayed in her original costume of pink silk, fashioned after the style of Louis XIV., and is perfect in every detail, the silk even retaining its color after a lapse of nearly two centuries.

"The large handkerchief in which the doll is kept wrapped has the initials 'H. H.' embroidered in a cross-stitch of human hair in one corner, probably indicating Hannah Hodges, the wife of Benjamin."

"*Mehitable Hodges* has travelled quite a good deal, and has been on exhibition and taken first prizes at doll shows at the Mechanics Building, Hotel Vendome, and the Brunswick, Boston, besides many church fairs and charity exhibits in New England. It was exhibited to the public for the last time at a recent doll show in South Weymouth, and is now safely cased and blanketed and shown only to visitors at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Otis Brown on Oak Street, South Weymouth."

Child's Sunshine Prayer

GOD make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith that never waxeth dim
In all His wondrous ways.

— M. B. Edwards.

